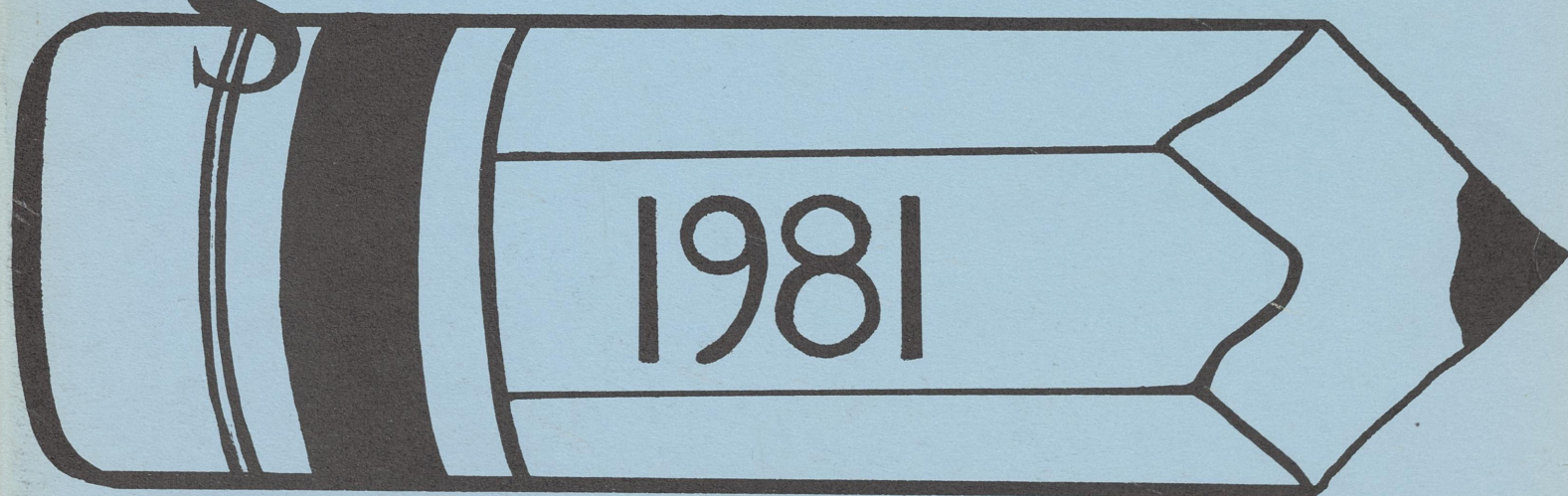


# H A L L M A R K S

**hall·mark** (hōl'mark'), *n.*  
1. any mark or special indication of genuineness, good quality, etc. 2. an official mark or stamp indicating a standard of purity.









# HALLMARKS 1981

## MEMBERS

Mary Laird Warner—Membership Chrmn.  
Lucy Graves—Hallmarks Chrmn.  
Yi-Fun Hseuh—Secretary-Treasurer  
Mr. Young—Sponsor  
Millie Adams  
Martha Arnold  
Lauri Bradley  
Elizabeth Brinton  
Candace Christian  
Julie Cox  
Bridget Corbin  
Francis Currey  
Stephanie Currey  
Angie Elson  
Karen Fleming  
Gina Goff  
Jennifer Harwell  
Julie High  
Marian Hollyday  
Kathy Lazenby  
Emme Nelson  
Melissa Norton  
Lulu Rogers  
Holly Zimmerman

## CONTRIBUTORS

Pat Davis  
Tracey Hill  
Jeanette James  
Ginger Justus  
Elizabeth Martinez  
Mary Matter  
Karen McEwen  
Suzi Ragsdale  
Lucy Sensing  
Pernilla Stalfelt  
Beth Thorton

## ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Lydia Conkin  
Karen Fleming  
Lucy Graves  
Jeanette James  
Kathryn Schnelle  
Beth Thornton  
Laurie Weakley  
Holly Zimmermann

EDITOR — Lucy Graves

COVER — Karen Fleming



# HALLMARKS 1981

## CONTRIBUTORS

Pat Davis  
Terry Hill  
Joanette James  
Ginger Juras  
Elizabeth Mathews  
Mary Mathis  
Karen McEwen  
Sue Rosdale  
Lucy Seary  
Pamela Stille  
Beth Thron

## ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY

Lydia Corbin  
Karen Fleming  
Lucy Graves  
Joanette James  
Kathryn Schelle  
Beth Thron  
Laurie Winkley  
Holly Zimmernann

## MEMBERS

Mary Land Warner—Membership Chair  
Lucy Graves—Hallmarks Chair  
Vivian Heath—Secretary-Treasurer  
Mr. Young—Sponsor  
Mille Adams  
Martha Arnold  
Lauri Bradley  
Elizabeth Britton  
Candace Christian  
Julie Cox  
Bridget Corbin  
Francis Curry  
Stephanie Curry  
Angie Elson  
Karen Fleming  
Gina Goff  
Jennifer Howell  
Julie High  
Marian Holby  
Kathy Lantry  
Ernie Nelson  
Melissa Norton  
Lulu Rogers  
Holly Zimmernann

EDITOR — Lucy Graves

COVER — Karen Fleming

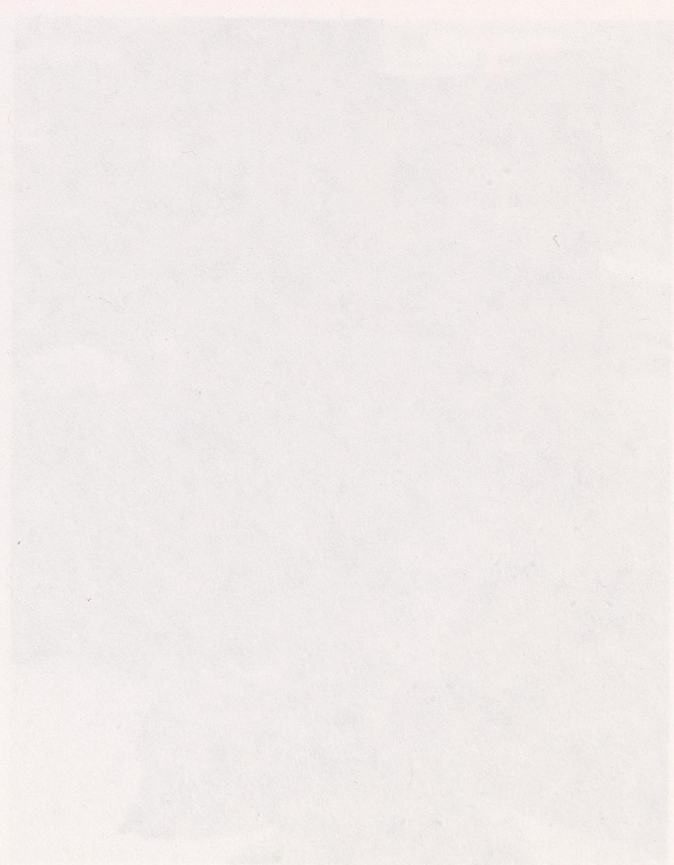
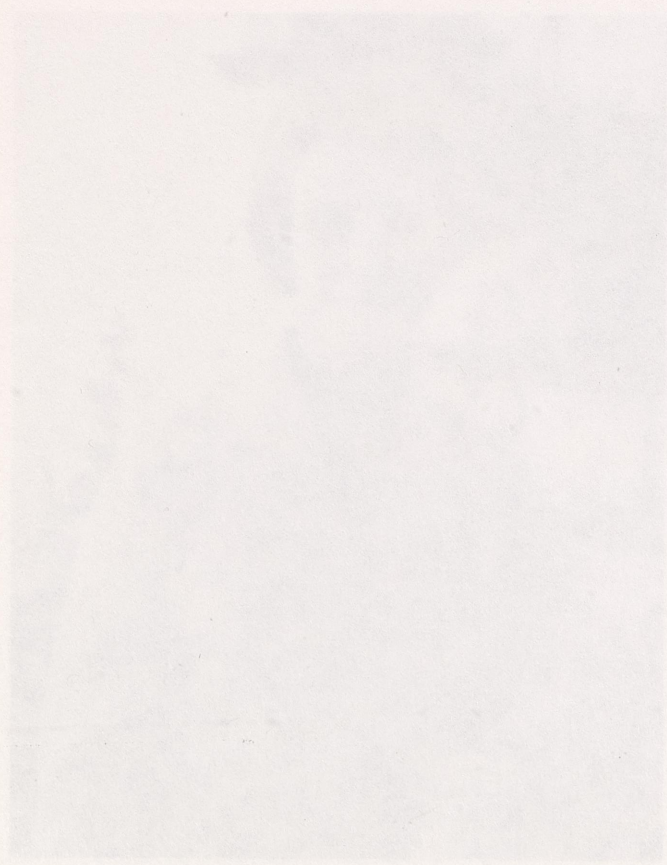


One of our most creative faculty members has shown a continued interest in the arts throughout her thirteen year career at Harpeth Hall. In the chemistry lab and in the darkroom, she has cultivated in her students a deep appreciation for the natural world and for capturing its beauty in photographs. As a chaperone on several Greece and Italy trips, her love for art, architecture, and sculpture has inspired many Harpeth Hall students. Now as she leaves Harpeth Hall, her creativity, enthusiasm, and wit will be dearly missed. With great love and appreciation for all you have taught us, the Penstaff Club dedicates the 1981 Hallmarks to you, Mrs. Pennington.

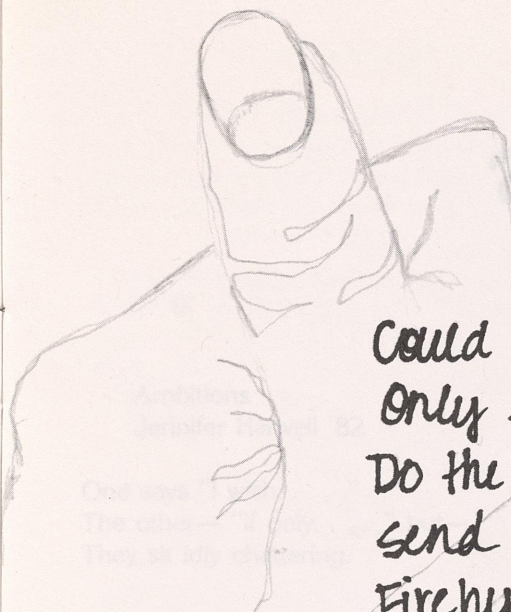




One of our most creative faculty members has shown a continued interest in the arts throughout her thirteen year career at Harpeth Hall. In the chemistry lab and in the darkroom she has cultivated in her students a deep appreciation for the natural world and for capturing its beauty in photographs. As a chemist on several occasions and study trips her love for art, architecture and sculpture has inspired many Harpeth Hall students. One as she leaves Harpeth Hall her creativity, enthusiasm and wit will be deeply missed. With great love and appreciation for all you have taught us the Penstaff Club dedicates the 1984 Calligraphy to you Mrs. Pennington.







## CHEMISTRY

Could you get into minnestroni noodles?

Only if accompanied by Joe Jam.

Do the single stones on the sidewalk  
send you soaring?

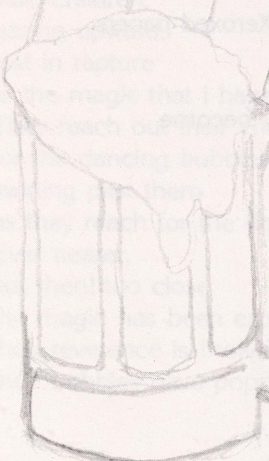
Firehydrants streaming rainbows  
in my beer mug.

Make me think of 2 by 4 piglets  
sitting on a railway.

Waiting for the dawn of Aquarium

It only comes with the Goodyear

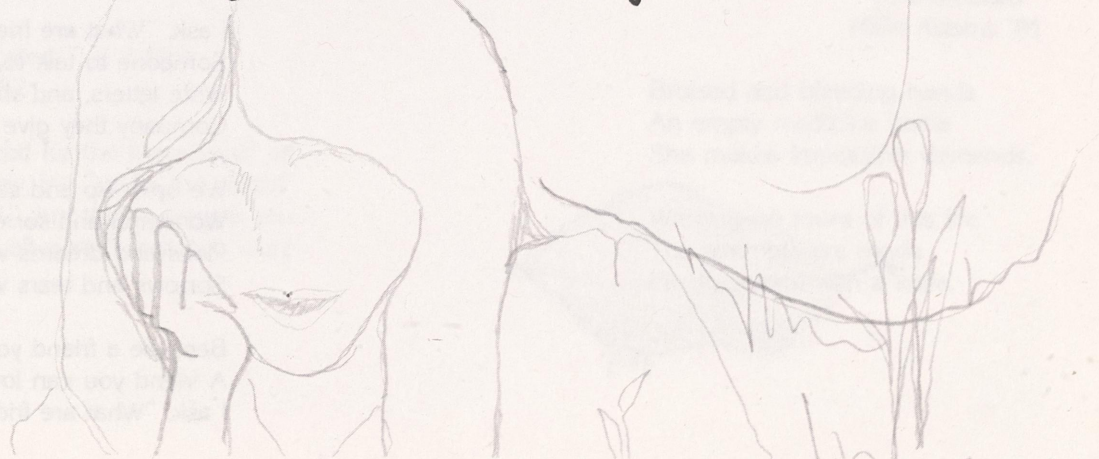
Bump eclipse sending shadows  
on Sudetenland.



On the contemplation of a fingernail  
one finds 40 reasons to  
color water falls with a purple  
crayon.

It with the bell would ring

— Jeannette & Tracey '81





# SENIOR CLASS

1981  
Millie Adams '81

As we grew  
We were independent.  
Outwardly, we needed no help —  
We were each supposedly so sure.  
But inside we yearned. . .  
to be accepted  
to be a part  
to be needed.

As each personality grew and took form,  
We came closer to one  
Each filling her special place  
Adding a uniqueness to the whole.  
We still grew inward coming closer together  
So that when we part, the bonds won't break  
For each girl has a special part in the union —  
Our class of 1981

## POEM

Plastics  
Jennifer Harwell '82

Plastic.

The modern medium— disposable, better.

Transience.

Nothing lasts—tread on! Permanence is out-dated.

Plastic men.

Our society breeds them.

Acting out pre-molded roles.

No commitments, no failures. . . . No successes.

Plastic hearts.

Fabricated from improved shatterproof plastic.

They can't be broken.

They can't be touched. . . .

emme nelson '82

we are the final  
purple words on Xeroxed papers.  
erased and  
drawn through  
until we eventually become  
the right thing  
and end result  
to be copied  
like all the others.

What Are Friends For?  
Elizabeth Martinez '86

I ask, "What are friends for?"  
Someone to talk to,  
Write letters, and share intimate secrets.  
Company they give every day.

We open up and say our problems,  
Wonderful and sorrowful things that happened that day.  
Plans and dreams we share and laugh,  
Sorrows and tears we ignore if we may.

Because a friend you can trust,  
A friend you can love. . .  
I ask, "What are friends for?"





Likes  
Emme Nelson '82

i like

blue umbrellas with tortoise shell handles that i can dance underneath in a summer storm;  
silver dollars with a small man's head on the back, that Santa leaves in the toe of my stocking;  
petite ducklings in size 4 fluff that neatly eat Colonial bread crumbs;  
American flags that never touch the ground, with red, white, and blue, splashing in the wind;  
Tony Orlando and January 20, and all the world glued to Japanese made boxes;  
unused Crayolas with smooth waxen tips and no paper peeling skins to expose their little colored bodies;  
Frank Sinatra, who lets me pretend i'm in New York, New York instead of the doctor's office;  
red lipstick that smells like strawberries, that i am tempted to bite into, but don't;  
old ladies with blue hair that carry black pocketbooks and round mirrors (to check their dentures);  
spelling bees and trying to send telepathic messages to the teacher so i won't have to spell "iguana";  
suntan lotion that smells like coconuts and makes me look and feel like a greasy brown monkey;  
le Roi Soleil et saying "bonjour" like i habitually eat bagels for bagets for breakfast;  
coffee colored sunglasses that i get from the eye doctor, so i may pretend that i'm James Bond in Bermuda;  
4' 11" jockeys that wear green and orange polka dot silks on their big brown horses;  
sheep and prairie dogs that you see in green fields, while driving along highways in april;  
orange fish that nonchalantly backstroke in their transparent and bubblelike bowls;  
and brown photographs of faded people with eyes like mine, and an omniscient grin that tells me

they like what i like.

Ambitions  
Jennifer Harwell '82

One says "I wish. . . ."  
The other— "if only. . . ." but—  
They sit idly chattering.

Bubble Magic  
Melissa Norton '81

Frothy rings  
of transparent wonder  
halo their heads,  
little Children,  
gazing upward,  
lost in rapture  
at the magic that I have created—  
They reach out their chubby hands  
for the dancing bubbles,  
swirling past them  
as they reach for the delicacy—  
Ever nearer,  
but then! too close  
the magic has been expended,  
their reverence is broken,  
their bubbles have popped.

Weekend Fantasies of an Intoxicated T. V. Addict  
Jennifer Harwell '82

It's Friday! "Time to relax" and "head for the mountains" of "Old Milwaukee." Sure, it's a long way, but "go for the gusto!" Just be sure to "look out for the bull." Just think—tonight you can "let it be Lowenbrau" because, after all, "weekends *were* made for Michelob."

Cold-Blooded  
Millie Adams '81

Bruised and bleeding hands  
An empty medicine bottle  
She makes impossible demands.

Wanting no more of this life  
The attempts are made  
Finally settled with a knife.



A Discovery  
Pat Davis '82

You live in a dome, walled on all sides  
To keep out the stranger and therefore the  
Danger of discovering you're not the best.

One day you get restless and decide to leave  
And brave the wild outside.  
You're not too scared. It's like going "slumming."  
Just laugh. The strange people can't touch you  
In your portable dome made of pride.

But your portable dome is soon destroyed,  
For it has no foundation.  
The walls built of past accomplishments, status at home,  
Or heritage crumble when moved.

Without your walls to define you, people demand  
To know who you are. At home you were who people  
Thought you were. Now instead of maintaining a  
Reflected image, you must project your own.

Outside of the dome you're on level ground with  
everyone else. And you know when inside you weren't  
Any higher. Being elitist did not prove you best, but  
Made possible that claim by cutting off contrast.

You return to the dome one day. . .  
And you wonder why all these people stay.  
But they're safe here. Everyone knows who they are.  
They don't have to prove themselves.

To be at the top, they have only to reach the roof  
Of the dome. Then they're best of all.  
The roof mercifully limits them and walls kindly  
Blind them to those outside who have reached the sky.

Easter  
Melissa Norton '81

Roll the stone away  
and unleash my spirit—  
wild, unending.  
Call softly to the cave of my heart  
and wait for a response  
for I am here and  
Alive!  
This is my Easter,  
my resurrection,  
the dawning of myself.

Millie Adams '81

Whirlwinds push me on  
Spinning my head until all sanity is  
gone.  
Whipping my body around  
Tearing limbs apart 'till  
none can be found.  
Pieces of me scattered asunder  
Ripped open at the clash of thunder.  
My mind hurled through time —  
lost in the chaos.  
My heart left alone —  
sheltered by your cross.

Karen Fleming '81

So sensitive and sometimes so far from  
my reach.  
I hold out my hand to help you  
Never knowing if you trust the strength  
of my grip.  
When I least expect it, you withdraw,  
sheltering yourself from any compassion  
this generous heart offers.





Ginger Justus '66

I am the Tiger Blake feared.  
Poe's Raven—feeding on flesh decayed.  
In my face is the ominous. In my touch—the calamitous.  
Dare you listen to a heart of stone?

I have heard the screams of agony bouncing off walls.  
Watched shadows rock with helplessness  
Seen hands raised in the horror of fruitless protest.  
—And then the rise of rebellion—  
Gurgling, retching rebellion  
Bubbling in my thought—Ringing in my ears.

—The screams were mine.  
the shadows—mine.  
The hands—mine.  
Recovery! So now beware!

I have lain with depravity, frolicked with sadism  
Relished chaos, and Revelled in revenge.  
I learned, and in the process, grew fangs of bitterness  
Protruding from my gums. Beware my kiss.

I have seen the deaths of others and rejoiced—  
Made lists of torture methods and used them all.  
Appointed myself Grand Inquisitor and struck the match.  
I have seen injustice face to face and stared the  
One-eyed Cyclops down. Beware my eyes.

I have felt Innocence pinned like a bug, wriggling on a tree  
And jerked off each wing.

I built a monument to Hatred: Knuckles bleeding,  
Infection spreading, pus oozing . . . But I am a builder!  
Beware my hands.

My tears, though salty, are not allowed to heal  
The gaping wounds. Those wretched open sores  
Shall never heal. They are thin scabs . . . I pick them  
Daily.

From the tears I grew thickets of arrogance  
With thorns of spite.

From this cover I shall scowl and growl and seeth  
Within forever!

And you—you will never know. Never see.  
I am your dog with Rabies. Beware. Beware.  
Beware my smile.

Butterfly  
Melissa Norton '81

Butterfly,  
set in the majesty of nature,  
graceful spirit,  
alive with the gifts of the kingdom;  
do not fly too close to the sun  
for your wings will get scorched by the  
fire of humanity,  
and escape will be painful,  
so fly now  
while the sun is not yet full—  
Fly away, butterfly,  
fly away. . .

Untitled  
Gina Goff '83

The drops of rain f  
a  
l  
l  
like clear notes r  
i  
p  
p  
l  
i  
n  
g  
into  
pools of music

Lucy Sensing '82

thoughts—  
that come into my mind  
become unfinished poems  
mean so much—  
yet so little.



Changing Station: A Tribute to FM  
Emme Nelson '82

Pink gauze shifts subtly, and a dancer waits for the concerto to commence.

Black lips purse a tarnished second hand instrument, and herald melancholy.

White gloves tenderly touch smooth, symmetrical squares, arousing nostalgia.

Red coiffured heavyweights bellow and narrate the saga of life.

A turn of a hand slips on another mood.

A late great exalts his everlasting love, and whispers words of now and forever.

Karen Fleming '81

Beneath the sun the droplets  
fall.

Each in turn

Soaks into the moist earth below.

The cold

Comes with darkness;

The last droplet

Freezes—

Awaiting the next day's dawning.

The Pacesetters

Melissa Norton '81

They walk quickly,  
always increasing their pace,  
faster, faster they move;  
with their backs bent  
they grab a little piece of life  
but never cease—  
faster, faster  
the plague of years descends,  
heavier, compressing;  
they move to a tempo  
beating in their brains—  
the pressure is great  
as they run  
quicker and quicker now,  
pausing not to let the fogs settle  
or the sun of life sink—  
moving onward, ever onward  
to a rhythm  
which only they can hear.  
The game is competitive  
but the rewards small  
for the pacesetters.



Jeannette



emme nelson '82

painting landscapes of fairy tale horizons  
sketching portraits of magical characters  
drawing episodes of ethereal lives;  
the art of writing.

Jeanette James '81

Boys are like leaves —  
In the spring they're green and fresh,  
and you think they'll be there forever.  
But in the end  
they always turn yellow and fall off.

"My Life, My Love, My Crown"  
Mary Matter '83

"I know that I am going to die. They think that I do not know that I am, but I do. They gather around my bed, as I pretend to sleep, and whisper in low tones with solemn faces. They know that my end is near. Then as I awake from my feigned sleep (and it is feigned, for the phlegm in my throat, my persistent thirst, and my burning fever keep me awake at night), their hopelessness frightens me. They do not know how to cure me. That is how I deduced that I was dying. I pity these doctors.

"I am a sixty-nine year old woman, quite old by men's standards. And I know that my old enemies, who are like vultures hovering about me, waiting until I am gone to make their attack, and then usurping my position, are saying that it is about time.

"As I look back on my life, I remember how I loved pearls, I still do. I rarely gave gifts because I did not want to waste my wealth on senseless finery, but I have now given a gift that is of far greater value than any material wealth so yearned for by the people of this day and age. I have given my doctors and my God my life, and as I am a greedy girl, I am sorry that I gave it, and want it back. My doctors would gladly return it, but I am afraid that my Lord is reluctant to relinquish this gift, which I feel was too hastily given. I fear that I will never get it back.

"I was a clever young woman. I would not let any male, or female have the upper hand. They felt my power, and I was exultant, for I wanted them to know that I would never relinquish it—'til death do us part. I am married to my country. My country is my Lord and master, my lover, and my friend. I could never marry a man, nor could I ever permit a man to make love to me, for even in these acts of love and union, the man wields the power. As you already know of my spirit, you know that I would not have been able to yield to the power of a man. I think that this repulsion at the thought of being helpless under the rule of a man is deep-rooted. I think that it goes back to the day when I was three years old, and my mother was beheaded by my father. I remember walking in the garden. It was a lovely spring day. The green grass was still moist from the dew, and the sky was clear and blue. I heard cannons fire, the noise tearing the air (for the scaffold was nearby). I knew not what it meant, until I overheard, from one of my mother's ladies in waiting and the first lady of the bedchamber, who were discussing the subject in my presence foolishly thinking that I would not understand, that my father had unjustly killed my mother. Mother had not gained anything from the marriage, except me, and other than that she lost everything, her husband's favor and her life. But I did live up to her expectations, for I was told that the last words she said to my father were — 'Elizabeth shall be a greater queen than any king of yours! Elizabeth shall reign after you: Elizabeth, the child of Anne, the whore, and Henry, the bloodstained lecher! She shall rule a greater England than any of you would ever have built! My Elizabeth shall be Queen, and my blood will have been well spent!

"I decided that since one did not gain anything from marriage, it was not a worthwhile occupation. So at the age of eight years, I declared that I would never marry. My peers and elders smiled and took it as a statement that a child would make, for they knew that it was imperative to the welfare of England that I marry.

"There was a man in my life. I loved him so, and still do (his memory lives in my heart). I was determined that I would never be ruled by a man, and I was not. But with Robin the situation was different. He was not an ordinary man. When I was with him, my asperity toward the opposite sex melted as the last snow before the oncoming spring. I knew that he had ambitions, as other men had, to be my husband and king, but the difference between him and other men was that he truly loved me. It was not a pretense, for I would have seen through that immediately. I was too smart, for a true queen cannot let her passions and her heart rule her head, to allow him to be either the king or my husband. If he had occupied either role, I fear that he would have exercised his authority to such an extreme, that I, the willful, headstrong, and spirited queen-wife, would have found the situation intolerable. Too much ambition a poor ruler makes.

"I do not regret that I did not marry, but I do regret not having a child. I remember when the news of the birth of the first son of my rival reached my ears. It angered me so! I hated her with a passion! I cursed her under my breath and wished to God that I had been in the childbed instead of her! I had heard about the pain accompanying childbirth, but I would endure the most terrible of hell's torments to bear my own child, an heir of my own body. There had been rumors of my inability to conceive, proved false by my personal physicians.



"Since I did not have an heir of my own body, even though I was of a young age, I was expected to take of my brethren an heir. My two 'dearest' cousins were the only choices at the present time, and putting England in either of their hands would have been like throwing a haunch of venison to the rats, hungry, deceiving, and conniving rats. Neither of them had the qualities or capabilities of a true queen. One cousin was an impudent, arrogant, and defiant girl, when she thought that had the extra notch on her belt. But when, for example, she was pregnant with her firstborn, of a man that she had secretly married, and she was not able to locate her marriage document, she was a sniveling fool, groveling on her knees for pity. My other cousin (my rival), a clever but unfortunate girl, in most situations, let her heart rule her head. Since her own country would not suffice and as she thought that she was the true heir to my country and that I was illegitimate, she tried to claim mine as her own. But her plans did not succeed. These two girls were not of the stuff of which true queens are made.

"During the times I evaded my ministers upon the subject and would not proclaim an heir, but now I have an heir that will be good for my country. He is both a Protestant and a relative. As a precaution I named him as near death as it was possible, for people are more inclined to worship the rising sun rather than the setting.

"The subject of my marrying and of my proclaiming of an heir have been two major concerns of my life. The third concern was of finding myself dependent upon someone, being powerless under them. To this day I have escaped the bondage of marital vows, and I have at last named my heir, but as much as I hate to admit it, there is one Being who is, even more powerful than I. He helped me through the trials of my adolescence, when I was a prisoner under my half-sister. He helped me to overcome my rival who was trying to usurp my birthright. All my successes I owe to Him.

"As I lie here on my deathbed, for the first time, I am at peace. I am ready to die. I will miss my people, and I hope and pray that they can survive without me. The fire of my fever has been extinguished, and my thirst has been quenched.

"Lord, thou knowest how happy I shall be may I live with thee forever, Yet I might live and be well for thine elect's sake."

At a quarter-to-three on the morning of the Eve of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, Elizabeth I has fallen asleep, never to be awakened. The tense anxiety for her people has left her brow, and she wears a smile of satisfaction. The Queen is dead and has gone to her salvation.

Study Hall  
Marian Hollyday '84



The bell rings.  
A cacophany of sound races through the corridors.  
The doors open, and people start drifting in.  
Books are slammed on desks and on the floor.  
Conversation drifts around the room and eddies in the corners.  
The doors open again.  
Faces look up.  
The teacher walks silently to the desk.  
The familiar phrase sounds throughout the room.  
"Ladies, please take your seats."  
A rustle of papers and a few diminished whispers are the only legal sounds.  
People study for tests or write notes to friends in other classes.  
Silence prevails.  
It is suffocating.  
Fifty minutes of silence.  
Can you stand it?  
Will you be able to sit there at your desk knowing that it is a glorious day outside?  
Deliverance.  
You are freed from your misery.  
The bell rings.



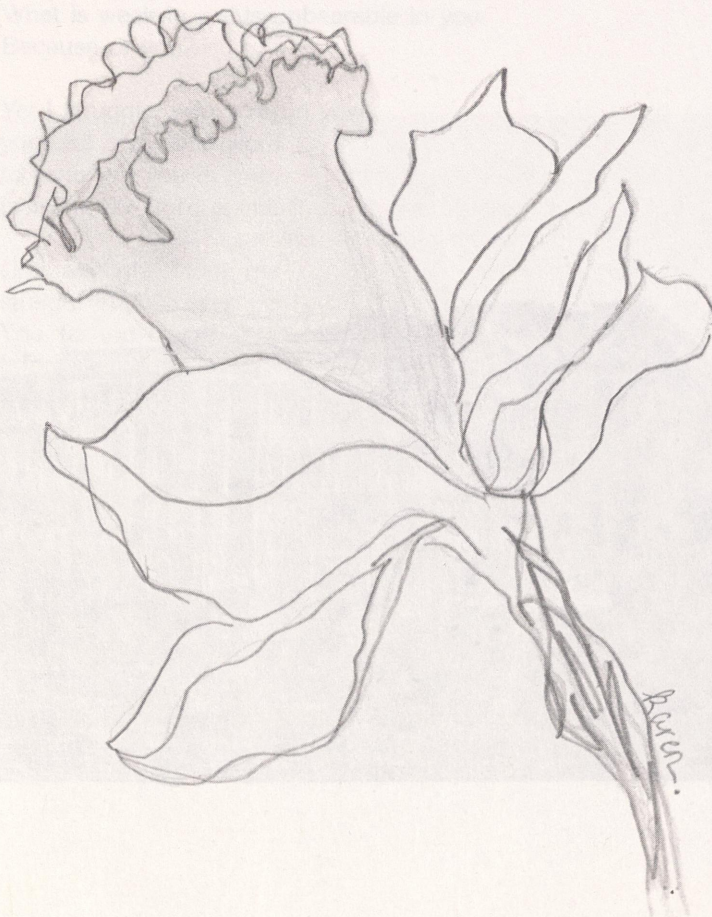
Beachcomber  
Holly N. Zimmermann '81

Once, and many times, I know  
I've walked these thought-swept beaches slow  
And let its peace wash into me  
and felt, in time, one with the sea.

How often treasures from Her deep  
tossed up and washed up at my feet  
Perhaps a shell, or piece of one  
Color surrendered to the sun.

I pause and reach and take it up  
A child—in wonder of such luck  
But then, unworthy of my hand—  
it falls, forgotten, to the sand.

And I the fool again must be  
to think it far too crude for me  
Await perfection, cannot see  
the blessing right in front of me.



ONLY THE BEGINNING  
Candace Christian '84

It was a cool, windy Saturday afternoon in September. I ran into him unexpectedly while running in the park. Far off, he had noticed me and made a point to cross my path. I was now walking, as I was not in very good shape, and he was walking toward me. "Hi!" I said with a bright smile in a cheerful tone. Of course, I knew who he was; Ricky Matthews. He was a friend of my brother's and was three years older than I. I had seen him many times before, at football games and dances I went to with other boys. He stuck out in the crowd from the first moment I had ever laid eyes on him. There was something vital, exciting and different about this boy. Of course, like all the rest, he wore a cowboy hat and boots, with a can of "Copenhagen" in his back pocket. There was something rare in his eyes that I had never seen in a boy before. A certain twinkle; as he loved what he was doing all the time, wherever he was and he always enjoyed life. My beloved brother, whom I had looked up to as a god from the day I was born, was the only other person that had "this look." I loved it. I never thought Ricky had ever taken a second look at me though — mainly because of the age difference which always made a big difference to everyone except me.

He said, "hello", with a grin and a twinkle in his eye that absolutely drove me wild!! He stopped and said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" I said, "I see you all the time at the MBA football games. My brother, Mark Daniel, is the captain of the football team! My name is Candace Christian and you are Ricky Matthews."

We had just met, and it was only the beginning.

Prayer  
Melissa Norton '81

Carry me, God,  
through the rain  
for it chills me,  
through the thunder  
for it threatens me,  
through the lightning  
for it frightens me,  
through the yearning of my heart. . .  
for it destroys me.



Notes  
Lucy Graves '81

Confinement in orderly creation;  
Freedom in chaotic release.  
Benign colors blending  
Lifting expectant imagination  
From mindless barrier.  
Momentary refuge  
Within sonorous walls.  
Seek awareness in conscious stream;  
Longevity in active understanding.  
The beauty not possessed,  
The language not spoken,  
The sound, the emotion,  
Listen!  
Music meets the ear.

— Emme Nelson '82

Dare harmonize with the cadence of a rejuvenated brook or the soprano  
crescendos in the whistling grasses.

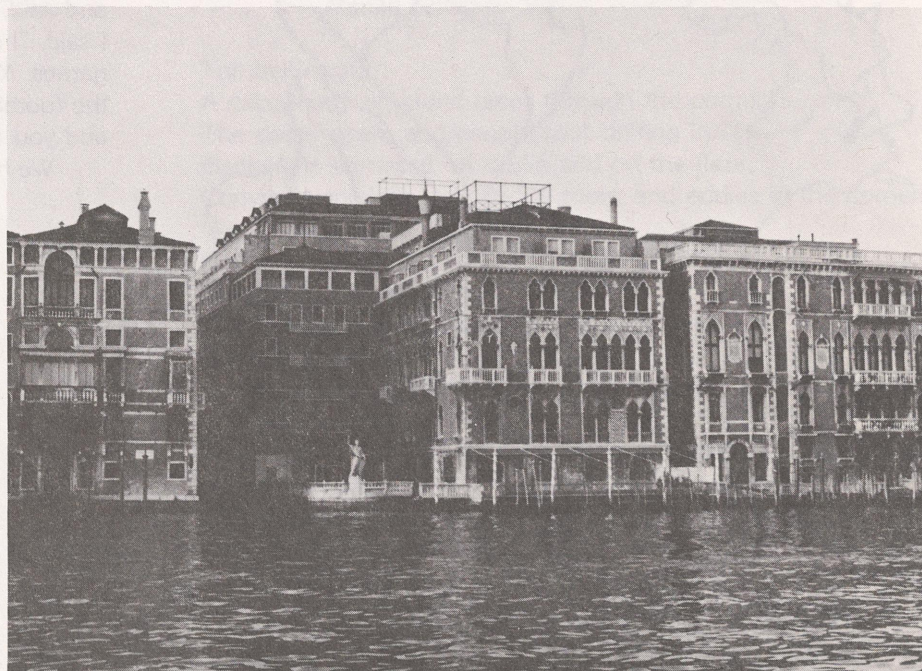
Pernilla Stalfelt '81

A face, hundreds of new faces,  
they all mean something to me,  
but still they fade away and will be  
substituted by new. They are all  
just raindrops in the rain of life. I  
see them fall to the ground and  
absorb. They are gone!

But they all make roses grow  
in my garden, because water is a  
source of life. When I look at the  
blossoms, I'll remember and I'll be  
thankful to the raindrops for the  
beauty they gave me.

emme nelson '82

hier etait  
aujourd'hui est  
et demain ne sera pas.  
mais  
yesterday was today  
and today was tomorrow  
now tomorrow  
is yesterday.





The Essence  
Emme Nelson '82

To draw love, one might gingerly blend the earthy umbers of the past  
or depict the white essence of clarity in a Madonna's eye.  
To sing love, one might softly press the ivory keys of a piano worn  
by tumblers and ashtrays, and chant of yesteryear.  
To write, one might thoroughly ponder the words of today and assemble  
them in a harmony of color and coordination.

Yet love cannot be illustrated, composed, or interpreted, for it  
is an abstract art, whose essence and form are only created by the tools  
of God.

Pieta  
Holly N. Zimmermann '81

We are far too close  
to see each other.  
You cannot know the source of my words  
because it is you.  
I cannot see the source of your pain  
because it is I.

I hate in you what I hate in myself.  
What is weak in me is unbearable in you.  
Because of you?

Yet I struggle, with solemn vow,  
youthful bold, acid word  
to vanquish you in me,  
insisting the cord is cut.

Until we fight; I look me  
straight in your eyes.  
You, far too close.  
I, forever foetal.

For the Children Only  
Emme Nelson '82

Grimming cherubic faces peep from under five year old tousled clumps of hair.  
Clasped fat fingers indicate surprise.  
Long lashed eyes watch the puppeteer narrate slapstick with his company of  
royally dressed gestures.

Lulu Rogers '81

his wife died today.  
his wife died too.  
his wife died two days ago.  
his wife died two days ago too.  
his wife died two days ago today.  
his wife died two days ago today too.  
two times his wife died.  
two times today his wife died.  
today his wife died two times.  
It's all the same:  
Tomorrow he will die too.

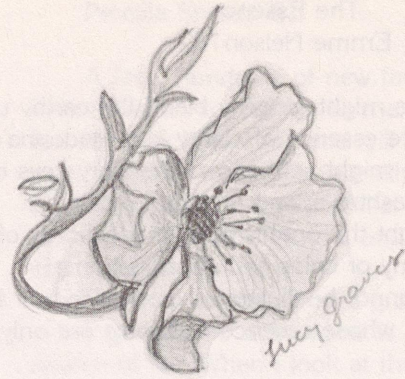
Untitled  
Elizabeth Brinton '83

A crowd surrounds me; yet I am alone.  
My heart feels empty, void of warmth and love.  
You have gone, never to return.  
My tears fall only to soil my pillow as I lie awake.  
Can you hear me longing for just one more moment with  
you?  
I see in my mind's eye your room, your joy for life.  
There you are helping me cook my first pizza— a  
masterpiece, a work of art.  
Now I use my mind to see reality.  
A reality I have overlooked.  
One containing a gem I shall value and hold dear,  
your child.  
I stare almost through him.  
I see you; you are not gone; you have made your  
mark and it stands.



Untitled  
Elizabeth Brinton '83

I strike up pen to paper  
What I write I know not whether it will be read  
nor do I care.  
For I write not for others, but to you.  
What is bottled up inside me must be released.  
But you are not here to tell, so I speak to paper  
through a pen.



January 20, 1981 — A Milestone for Freedom  
Jennifer Harwell '82

Ecstasy — anxiety.  
Hope — fear.  
Energy — unrelenting fatigue.  
All paradoxical components of a day of glory  
for red, white, and blue.

444 impatient and expectant days finally come to a  
close as a country bound tightly by a million yellow  
ribbons beams with a patriotism far too long absent  
from its face.

52 families too skeptical and broken down to hope—  
to believe that it's true—that it's *really* true.

THIS LETTER  
Candace Christian '84

Words I do not say so well,  
And my thoughts are crushed by fear,  
So I write this letter,  
For you to know my feelings.

I'm just a confused soul,  
Aching and weary,  
I care for you like nobody else,  
Read my words for they are me.  
Please.

Read my thoughts,  
Please never laugh,  
Please be kind,  
And give me hope.

The future haggles my mind,  
As I attempt to find you.  
To reach you  
With this letter.

The Fast Flowing River  
Lauri Bradley '83

Life is like a river flowing to the sea.  
It starts out being small, but it gets bigger  
as time goes on.  
A little gets added here and there to enrich  
the way.  
It begins to be very large, and goes faster,  
and faster, and faster, until- - - - -  
It's there. . . . and it just

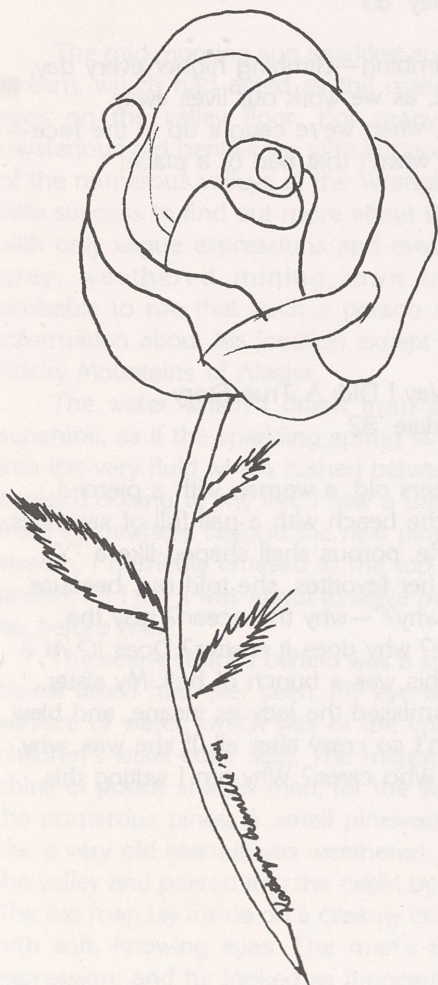
drops  
off  
into  
the  
ocean.





an act remembered  
emme nelson '82

a memory  
living a lifetime, a pasttime  
in a moment;  
one act, of the scenario of then,  
extinguishing reality  
for now  
and incorporating  
all  
the what ifs  
of impossibility.



SOON  
Elizabeth Brinton '83

Soon. A word that comes too soon and goes too fast.  
For you death came too soon;  
Too soon for me to say what I felt, felt so deep  
in my heart that which I failed to see till it was  
too late.  
You died too soon for me to return to you the joy  
you gave to me.  
You thought I forgot the times you brightened my  
day with a prank or a joke, but I had tucked them  
away in my secret place; a place of memories, of  
love, and of joy.  
Sometimes though these flow from me in an emotional  
stream of tears.  
I think of how alone I feel and dream of having you  
with me again, but reality returns and so do my  
memories to their secret place.  
We aged, you into adulthood, I into adolescence.  
Our paths touched less, but I never forgot you or  
your love.  
Now you are gone I feel you again with me; yet you are far away.  
Your presence warms me.  
Now you are with God in a place where your  
preciousness is dear, the reward for the hardships  
you bore.  
Your preciousness now dear, once engulfed and overlooked,  
I exalted.  
I, I have my memories, a heart filled by our love,  
and someday, someday I shall have you again.

College Decisions  
Julie Cox '83

Colleges, colleges, oh what a choice!  
Decisions of courses like physics or voice.  
Choices of athletics, room-mates and dorms.  
Worries about tuition and application forms.  
Do I want to stay in town or go out of state?  
Do I want to go to a coed college where I  
can get a date?  
What about locations near mountains or beaches?  
What about staying out of Mom's and Dad's  
reaches?  
Where I go, will it snow all winter long?  
Or will the summer be indefinitely prolonged?  
How much will it cost to "reach out and touch  
someone"?  
Hey Dad, I need more money to have some more  
fun!  
I'll have made my decision by this time next year.  
Then I'll have to decide on my college career!



The Dancer  
Karen McEwen '85

On the stage one lone figure stands;  
She dreams of great, faraway lands  
Of shining lights and long-sought fame.  
To others no more than a game,  
To her a never-ending dream  
As warming as the sun's bright beam.  
Then, the music's first notes are heard  
And all at once she feels as free as a bird.  
She draws a breath and says a quick prayer  
And suddenly about fortune she does not care.  
She only wants to dance forever  
Then in joy she'll be missing never.

The Chain  
Melissa Norton '81

A chain. . .  
links of gold,  
bits of nothing  
attaching, binding, reminding. . .  
The chain breaks  
and there is nothing left  
but a broken clasp  
and shreds of gold,  
detached, disunited  
but always  
reminding.

The Mirror Man  
Jennifer Harwell '82

He's a reflection of his companions,  
an empty, hollow image of the actions  
and appearances, the emotions and the  
expressions of his glass associates.

Some call it peer pressure.  
Afraid to be himself.  
Afraid to follow his heart.  
Not so.  
It's not that he fears being himself; it's just that . . .  
he's no longer sure *who* he is.  
It's not that he fears following his heart; it's just that . . .  
he's no longer sure *where* it leads.

The mirror slowly fogs. . .

Vanished are his creativity, his individuality, vanished. . .  
is his humanity.

The Path of Life  
Marian Hollyday '84

The world is covered with a deep, wispy mist.  
You look ahead to find that only the grey backings of paintings  
are to seen.  
A wall of uncertainty is on either side of you.  
Do not look behind; for the white eyes of the past are cold  
and bland.  
Do not look ahead; for the red eyes of the future pierce you  
to the very heart.  
Looking down would do no good, for there is nothing there.  
Look up!  
There might be a way out.  
An escape route into the unknown.  
As you raise your troubled face to the ceiling of the world,  
you see the mist part, and the sun shines through.  
The way is clear.

The Ladder  
Lauri Bradley '83

Throughout our lives we're climbing—climbing higher every day,  
On the ladder of achievement, as we work our lives away.  
But one day we'll be thankful, when we're caught up in the race—  
You know, Harpeth Hall really wasn't that bad of a place!

Why I Turned Out The Way I Did: A True Story  
Suzi Ragsdale '82

When I was eleven years old, a woman with a pierced  
nose approached me on the beach with a pail full of seashells.  
She tried to sell me a white, porous shell shaped like a "Y".  
The Y-shaped shells were her favorites, she told me, because  
they asked the question "why?"—why the ocean? why the  
universe? why are we here? why does it matter? Does it? At a  
mature eleven, I thought this was a bunch of bull. My sister  
and I laughed about it, dismissed the lady as insane, and blew  
it off. But maybe she wasn't so crazy after all. If she was, why  
do I still think about her? Who cares? Why am I writing this  
down?



untitled  
emme nelson '82

We are all statutes  
of forgotten figures  
standing in a gray park  
with birds  
nesting on our heads.  
Just like these cold soldiers  
we have been  
chiseled and molded by others  
being what we should be  
eventually gone  
and unremembered  
with some middle aged magpie  
roosting on our epitaphs.



K. Lazenby '82

The mid-morning sun sparkled and danced on the swift-flowing stream, which had acted as the mason of the smooth earth and rock on the valley floor. For many years I had heard of the mysterious old gentleman who supposedly made his home in one of the numerous valleys of the Wrangle Mountains. I had tried with little success to find out more about the mountain hermit, but met with only vague expressions and evasions from the people in the gray, weathered mining town of McCarthy. It was very probable to me that such a person did exist; however, I had no information about his location except that I had traced him to the Rocky Mountains of Alaska.

The water which I drank from the stream tasted like liquid sunshine, as if the sparkling spring sunlight had somehow seeped into the very fluid which rushed between rocks and two serpentine banks. Looking to my left, I saw a thin, gray wisp of smoke rising from somewhere beyond the next pine-covered rise. Following the stream, I hurriedly crossed to the top of the knoll and caught my breath, for I felt it was about to leave me as I tried to drink in all that lay before me.

The scene which I beheld was a small valley that contained the bluest lake I had ever seen. My eye wondered at the barely misty surface of water, which was of the color blue one usually finds in children's water-color sets. The majestic mountains resembled the chins of poorly shaven men, for the stone was just visible between the numerous pines. A small pinewood cabin in the valley looked like a very old man: it was weathered, yet strong. I descended into the valley and peered into the cabin by way of the partly open door. The old man lay inside on a creamy colored buck who stared at me with soft, knowing eyes. The man's face held a loving, peaceful expression; and he looked as innocent as a child. I knew I should not destroy that slumber; I had seen him, and that is enough.

Frustrations  
Karen Fleming '81

It seems as if He always appears  
shedding new light on my newly  
shattered dreams,  
just as I convince myself how  
useless my expectations  
really are.





— Emme Nelson '82

Out of the cement and through sheaves of bamboo sprouted six aborigines  
with peacock feathers through their left ears, as I watched the artist create  
a transient dream upon the sidewalk.

Telephone  
Callie Johnson '84

For one moment,  
Motionless.  
And the next,  
Tranquil.

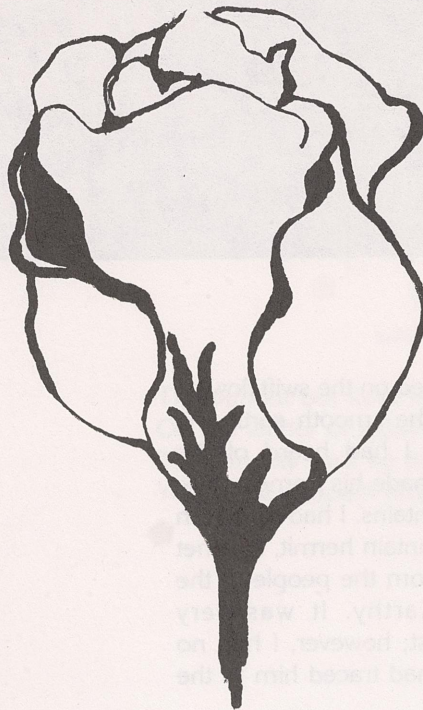
Every half second  
A little it moves,  
In slow motion,  
Until finally—  
Calling  
With a message  
That could mean anything;  
Life or  
Death.

News,  
Could it be?  
Good,  
Or even bad.

Or maybe a little conversation  
With a friend  
Or an enemy?

He is curious,  
And he walks in a quick pace  
Over to this object  
That determines  
What change in life there will be after  
This call.  
This object that rings,  
Buzzes,  
Beeps.

Little does he know  
How life will be  
After the telephone call.



One Word  
Callie Johnson '84

Death,  
One word,  
That means so much,  
Yet looks so little,  
Waited for,  
And dreaded,  
Until that last moment,  
That moment  
That nothing is left  
To dread.

Jeanette James '81

Boys are like butterflies —  
Just when you think you've  
got it in the palm of your hand,  
it slips between your fingers  
and flies away.

Limberick  
Gina Goff '83

There was a dirty old man in a tree.  
Looking through the window at me.  
I dialed 911  
Ending his fun.  
Now he looks out from the penitentiary.



Fade to Black  
Gina Goff '83

The floor was damp and cold and the darkness was full of horrifying things—large furry spiders with dozens of legs instead of only eight and grasping hands that belonged to all sorts of terrifying creatures. She sat on the floor and stared into the darkness, trying desperately to see these horrible things that she just *knew* were there; if only it weren't so dark she could see which ones were about to crawl on her and grab her, and she could get out of the way quickly enough. She finally decided it would be best just to sit perfectly still and listen, in order to hear from which direction the noises were coming. It was useless because all she could hear was her own loud terrified breathing and the rapid beating of her heart.

Suddenly a loud noise startled her. She jumped in fright and her heart beat more wildly than ever. She watched the room become filled with a yellow colored light and looked up the stairs to see her mother standing in the doorway looking at her in a strange way as she quickly unrolled a large pink curler from her hair. "Now, Susie, how many times have your father and I told you children not to go into the basement by yourselves? One of these days you'll get locked down there and nobody will be around to let you out," her mother said in a slightly stern, slightly disinterested voice as she walked away. Susie got up clumsily and ran eagerly toward the stairs and safety.

Now, twenty years later, there was no light to relieve her from the darkness and no mother to save her as she sat alone in the dark room. Susan was thinking about how much she changed since she first came to the hospital, the "mental institution" as the doctor called it. At first she had been a little confused but now, of course, she was fine. She was well now. She felt sorry for her friend Anne — they were best friends but, after all, Anne was still sick and she even imagined sometimes that she saw things that weren't there. Poor Anne — she wasn't like Susan, who wasn't even upset about being trapped alone in the darkness. Since she was well now, closed-in dark places didn't upset and confuse her like they used to. But if only there were *some* noise! The silence seemed to be warm and alive, surrounding her as oppressively as the darkness. Susan started to shake slightly. She was being smothered by this blanketing silence and darkness — no, she could breathe now, because something that had blotted out the light was being lifted away. Her brother had been pretending to suffocate her during one of their many pillow fights. Susan squinted into the glaring light and saw him peering down anxiously at her. "O.K., I'm sorry, you don't have to scream, I was just kidding around." Susan suddenly saw her brother years later, looking much older as he watched her with that same anxious expression as she lay in the hospital bed.

Susan realized that she felt very cold and had begun shaking uncontrollably. No, it was better not to remember those first days in the hospital. Those memories were very hazy anyway, but she could remember enough to know that she shouldn't remember any more. Susan tried to concentrate on those clearer and lighter days not so long ago when she was getting well, like she was now. But why was she shaking so much? She must be catching a cold or something, that's all it could possibly be, because she was well now. Then she knew — rather, she realized what she had known all along. She was beginning to have that awful feeling of terror that started as a vague memory of some sort and gradually grew into an overwhelming feeling of despair. She stood up hesitantly in the dark, knowing from past experience that she had to do something, anything, to get rid of that feeling and to keep it from first paralyzing her mind with fear and then taking control of her mind in a frightening way that she could still remember vividly.

Susan began to walk back and forth in the small room, holding a hand out in front of her to keep her from bumping into the seemingly invisible walls. What was the nightmare that she had had on her first night in the hospital, her first night in that white, cold room with the bars on the window and the lock on the door? Something about spiders? Oh well, it didn't matter, did it, because that was just a nightmare and this was the real world and she was fine now. Susan began to walk faster now, back and forth, but her mind was racing even faster and she had to sit down in the corner to stop the shaking. Now she could see a faint glow of yellow light from the crack under the door. She heard a nurse's footsteps go by the door and then the light was turned out. The darkness was full of horrifying things.

The Man I Never Knew  
Melissa Norton '81

There was nothing between me and you  
but a shred of life,  
a human umbilical cord of compassion  
which triggered the tears  
for the man I never knew.  
Pieces of your life lay shattered all around me,  
buried under the metallic fire  
was all that seemed left of the life  
that I never knew—  
reaching out to me as if I could understand  
you,  
the bearer of deflated dreams,  
extinguishing the flame of life  
that was all that there was  
between me and you.



Jeannette James '81

Is it strange?  
Is it real?  
Sometimes I just feel  
sunsets in my mind  
never dawn.  
Miles and miles of empty clouds  
and tears are in our eyes.  
Where has all our sunlight gone?  
On the seas a gentle breeze  
blows back the tranquility;  
it billows in the wind  
softly lapping glimmer shines  
on silky strands.  
Remember?  
It was there  
once long ago, and then  
sanity again.  
Why do I cry?  
Our shadows will pass again.

to an acolyte  
emme nelson '82

acolyte, acolyte  
standing proud  
in your crimson damasked shroud  
what immortal hand of fate  
dared let you drop that collection plate?

Karen Fleming '81

So sensitive and sometimes so far from  
my reach.  
I hold out my hand to help you  
Never knowing if you trust the strength  
of my grip.  
When I least expect it, you withdraw,  
sheltering yourself from any compassion  
this generous heart offers.

An Ordinary Sort of Day  
Emme Nelson '82

It was neither a Saturday in the park, nor a Sunday afternoon walk. It was an ordinary sort of day when I decided to take a drive in the country. I let myself forget the economy and the price of petrol while I loaded my asthmatic Accord, who had been my faithful steward for several years. The paint was peeling. My possessions included an ancient Kodak Instamatic, assorted balding sable brushes, and one paint-spattered tarp that the dog sometimes slept on. I drove, listening to Mancini. I studied the dull, washed-out horizon. The sun was like a used charcoal briquet, dying in an old iron grill. Some unfrozen puddles dotted the landscape, as if God's secretary had spilled some of His morning cup of coffee, on the way back from the machine. I wondered if she ever skipped work? It was cold, but there was no snow. It had always snowed before.

I knew I should be at work, but I ought to be able to spend a day. I didn't often "spend" a day. A day in the life of what, or whom, I thought. I was only a typical American citizen; movies once a year, saver of shampoo samples from the mail, and unconsciously "gung ho" about stars and stripes forever. But, who wasn't?

I pulled aside the road; not a dirt path, a blazen trail, nor any particular lane that could stir nostalgia, just a road with fading yellow lines, hashmarking the hills. It was only a today, like all yesterdays and tomorrows. Except, of course, that I might be missed at the office. I wonder if anyone knew?

I turned on the radio. Someone had won a twelve inch pizza. January twenty first they said. Were they any different? Who knew of the great event of the day? Obviously not the weatherman, who had forecasted this drabness while wearing his brown polyester doubleknit suit, and certainly not the deejay who had announced today's date with such nonchalance. None realized. There had been no photograph, no card of a romantic moment superimposed upon glossy paper. Has anyone but me circled their Hallmark calendar? I guess it is just an ordinary sort of day. Not to me, though. It is a day in the life of a lonely birthday girl.





The Tree  
Candace Christian '84

Let me grasp your branches,  
Rip at your leaves of green,  
Scrape my arm on your bark,  
Stick my hands in your sap.  
Gee!

Hide my in your foliage,  
Protect my with your fullness,  
Comfort me on your limbs  
As I sleep in peace.

Let your roots always find water,  
Let your sunshine never be dimmed,  
May no man see you as lumber  
No civilization as an obstacle.

Save a spot for me if you may,  
To turn to when the world slams the door,  
To rest my problems and leave them on your  
branches,  
To never be seen or heard by any  
Except the tree.

You are strong, holding my weight without  
grief;  
Kind, catching my tears and fears without  
laughter,  
A friend of silence in a world of noise.

emme nelson '82

recording is canning music.

Lulu Rogers '81

Until now the stars didn't really shine,  
And the leaves never really turned.  
The seasons never really changed,  
And I, as a human being, never really yearned —  
for omniscience.  
But with your contagious enthusiasm  
I'm seeing the true colors of the world.  
I'm even experiencing the change of the seasons.  
And I, a whole person, begin to perceive  
God's presence.

Crayons  
Jeanette James '81

Tears are falling  
drip, drip, drip  
like melted crayons  
in my coloring book.  
I don't have enough fingers  
to catch them all  
so they fall  
and are lost forever.  
Then they're gathered  
in the rising tide  
rise and fall  
rise and fall  
With my net  
never catch them all.





5 Nuns in a VW Van  
emme nelson '82

i saw 5 nuns  
in a Volkswagon Van  
driving through the suburbs  
with white whimples flapping in the wind.

I saw 5 nuns  
in a metropolitan park  
speculating about blue striped Little Leaguers  
with black robes cheering in the wind.

The Two-Mile High  
Holly N. Zimmermann '81

I never cease to be amazed  
From two miles in the air—  
The ground becomes a classroom map  
when I'm no longer there.

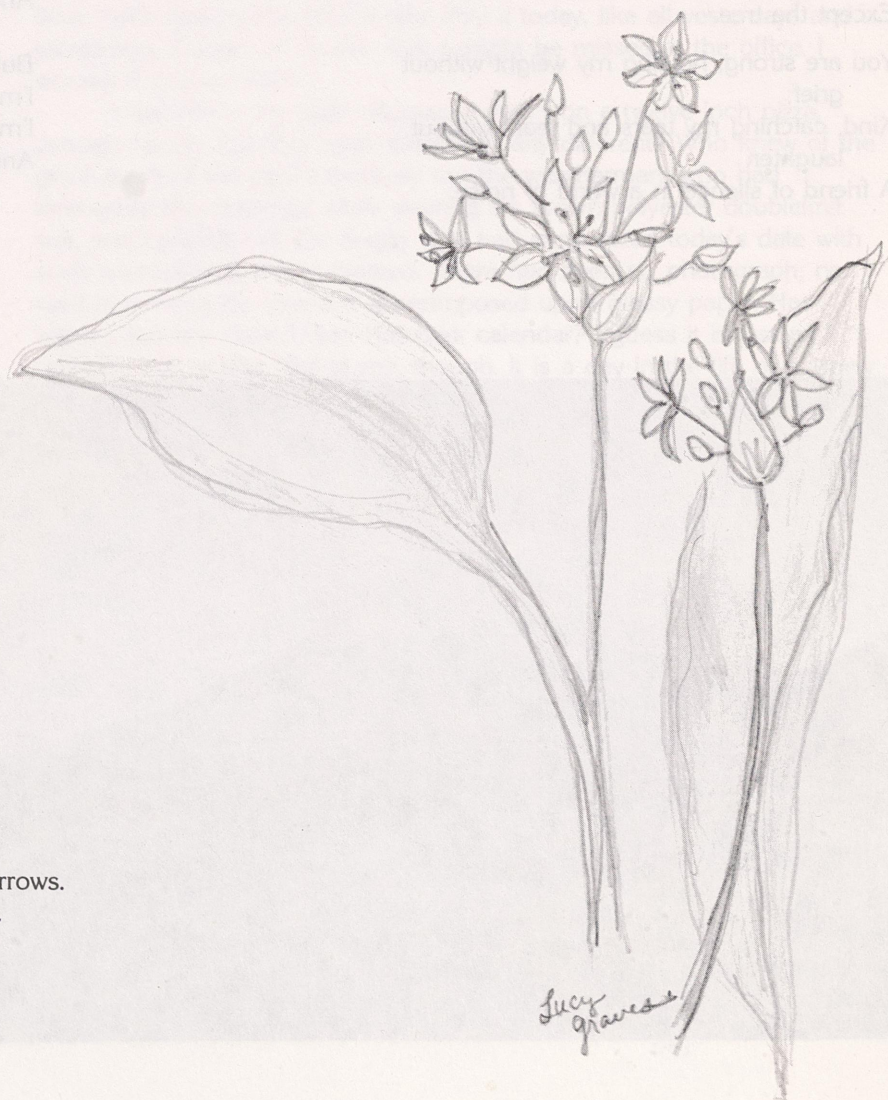
The wintry, wild, and wall-less room  
No windows, roof, or door—  
but Kansas, now, the many tiles  
of well-worn marble floor.

The Lucky One  
Marian Hollyday '84

Out of the frying pan, into the fire.  
We are to work, work, and work, never tire.  
Masters of studies and teachers of time.  
    Always the lucky one.  
    Write down a rhyme.  
Magical mysteries, mystical faces.  
Exotic and tranquil, faraway places.  
Timekeepers' watches, clocks that tell time.  
    Make me the lucky one.  
    Teach me a rhyme.  
Journeys through sentiment, music's sweet sorrows.  
Never look back and don't think on tomorrow.  
Feelings in turmoil, not straight on the line.  
    Show me the lucky one.  
    Make my life rhyme.

The Lonely Housewife  
Millie Adams '81

I saw you for the first time tonight,  
Looking through the rough and wrinkled skin  
To a heart hardened by time.  
The sentimentalist in you is gone.  
All you ever dreamed for you seemed to have lost —  
Your words — those jagged pieces from harshly shattered dreams.  
I always thought you were materialistic —  
You have always loved society's standards.  
    diamonds and pearls, mansions and maids.  
But they've turned you bitter —  
Was it worth all the pain?





Beth Thorton '82

If you can't beat 'em . . . So what! Start your own race!

To my Conch Shell  
Jeannette James '81

I remember when we first met —  
You were laying in the sand.  
You sparkled and twinkled and smiled at me  
so I put you in my hand.  
Your skin was cold  
and your face was smooth  
and you walked with me all day.  
Now we have both gone from the sea  
a million miles away.  
Sometimes when I hold you near,  
you softly whisper to me . . .  
the wind and the surf  
and the sound of the waves  
receding into the sea.

Lulu Rogers '81

Ce n'est pas le subjonctif

Tu sais que

(qui que to sois  
ou quoique to aies)

Je sais que

(ou que to sois  
et si loin que to sois)  
tu sais ou je serai—  
enfin, pas loin de toi.

en anglais:

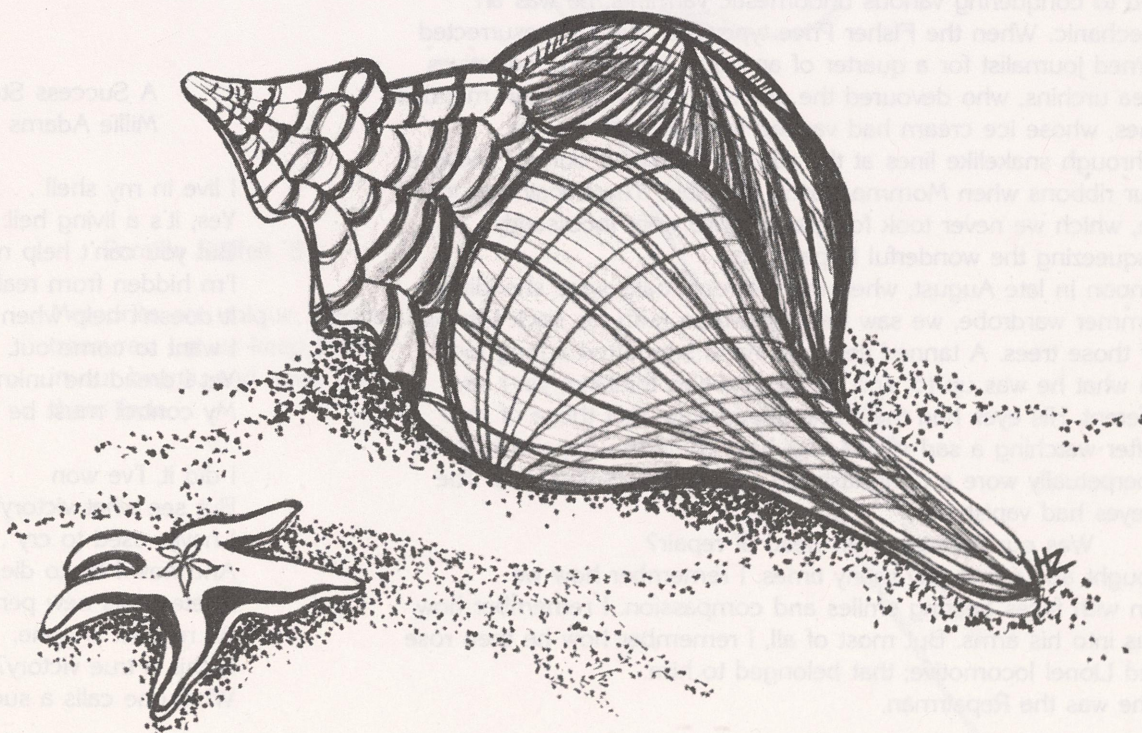
This is Not the Subjunctive

You know that

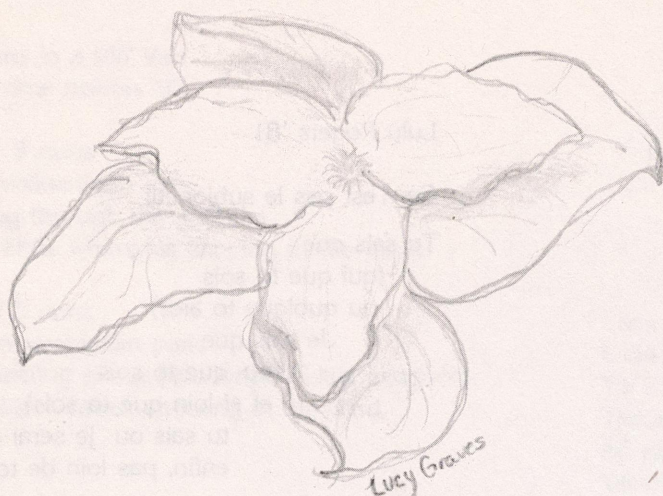
(whoever you are  
or whatever you have)

I know that

(Wherever you are  
or how far away you are)  
you know where I'll be—  
finally, not far from you.







Roses of Death  
Melissa Norton '81

Were they once pinned on a flowing white gown?  
Will I fall? Will I look down?  
Pieces of beauty more lovely than I,  
Scarlet haze against a dusky sky—  
Swept from under man's viral path  
With kisses of passion or kisses of wrath  
Gentle and blooming now laid in my hand,  
Were these once given through the love of a man?  
Now they will lie 'neath the burning sun,  
Pieces of time, naming me one,  
Scarlet haze against the dusky sky—  
Solitary, graceful, in silence I die.

The Repairman  
Emme Nelson '82

I suppose one would refer to it as fulltime employment without salary or perhaps lifetime volunteer work. At any rate, he was a part of our existence, not like a shadow, but similar to a conscience. The repairman was always there to exterminate problems and build security and satisfaction. His repertoire was vast; he could repair anything. In the wee hours of the morn, we would find him defying the definition of fear as he faced a ferocious waterbug, who swam the front crawl in our white bathtub. His expertise was far from limited to conquering various undomestic varmints, he was an impeccable mechanic. When the Fisher Price typewriter died, he resurrected it and even turned journalist for a quarter of an hour, composing narratives of diabolical sea urchins, who devoured the universe. Our Repairman mended ice cream cones, whose ice cream had vaulted from their shells. He navigated us through snakelike lines at the zoo, he realigned our red tricycles, he adjusted our ribbons when Momma wasn't available. The Repairman loved his occupation, which we never took for granted. We were incessantly hugging and squeezing the wonderful Repairman.

One afternoon in late August, when the matronly oaks were shedding their green summer wardrobe, we saw the Repairman, with his back leaned against one of those trees. A tanned yet worn hand supported a long face. We asked him what he was up to, and he said he was thinking, yet I saw something different. His eyes had the same appearance that those of my sister's have after watching a sad movie. But how could the Repairman look like that? He perpetually wore a grin plastered across his shining face. The twinkle in his eyes had vanished.

Was our Repairman in need of repair?

I have thought about that day many times. I remember how we smothered him with faces bearing smiles and compassion. I remember how he absorbed us into his arms. But most of all, I remember how he then rose to fix a derailed Lionel locomotive; that belonged to him.

After all, he was the Repairman.

The Answer  
Callie Johnson '84

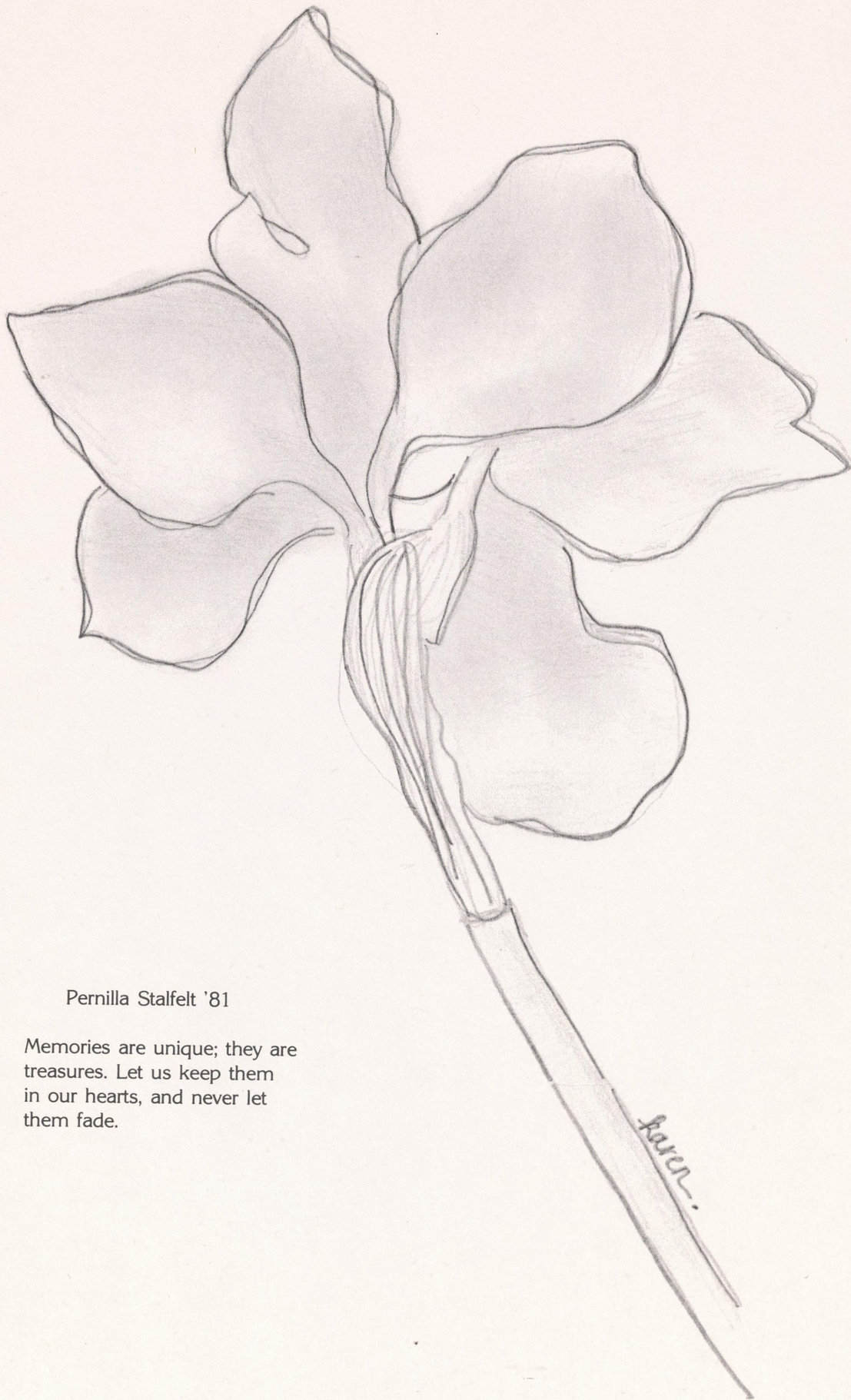
Finding an answer  
Comes from searching  
And searching comes from  
Inside the heart.  
The mind only acts as a mask  
Covering the heart  
So as to disguise yourself  
And guide you along the way.

A Success Story  
Millie Adams '81

I live in my shell . . .  
Yes, it's a living hell.  
But you can't help me,  
I'm hidden from reality.  
It doesn't help when you shout,  
I want to come out.  
Yet I dread the unknown . . .  
My control must be shown.

I did it, I've won  
But see what victory's done.  
I never used to cry . . .  
And now I try to die.  
I detest this new person —  
All respect is gone.  
Is this a true victory?  
What one calls a success story?





Pernilla Stalfelt '81

Memories are unique; they are  
treasures. Let us keep them  
in our hearts, and never let  
them fade.







